

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

HOLINESS + TO + THE + LORD.

— THE — JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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A book 165 pages of choice matter, selected and arranged by J. H. Paul, Professor of Elocution in the University of Deseret, has just been issued from the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office. Price, 50 Cents per copy postpaid. For sale at this office, A. H. CANNON'S store, Ogden, and at the book stores generally.

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We have also published some Reward Cards and Tickets, for Sunday and day schools, with simple verses and selections from the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants.



VOL. XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1886.

NO. 9.

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

PROBABLY no other art understood and practiced in this age has passed through so many changes and been brought to such a degree of perfection as that of printing. From its rude beginning it has advanced step by step through a long series of improvements until it has arrived at its present exalted station, foremost among modern arts.

Printing is comparatively a new invention among western nations as it is only a little over four hundred years since it was discovered and made practical use of.

The first printing presses, as can be seen by examining the accompanying picture, were very simply constructed. The types which were of a large size and made of wood, were placed



Not only is printing the most perfectly developed of the arts but it is also by far the most useful. Since its discovery, it has done more for the benefit and advancement of mankind than any other human invention. The civilization, intelligence and remarkable progress characteristic of the present century is due in a great measure to this wonderful art.

in a frame to hold them in position. After being inked a sheet of paper was laid upon them and an impression taken by placing a weight upon the paper.

Until the early part of the seventeenth century printing was done upon presses similar to the one in the engraving, only the pressure upon the paper was regulated with a screw, upon

the same principle as that of a letter copying-press, such as is used by clerks to preserve a copy of their correspondence.

In 1620 an improvement was made upon this rude contrivance. Other improvements followed this one in course of time. But it was not until the present century that printing presses, or machines, were invented that could be worked by steam or water power. All printing, formerly had to be done by hand; and it was a laborious, tedious and slow process. But of late years a complete revolution in the method of printing has been effected. After the invention of machines that could be run by steam power, and which did work at a much more rapid speed than the hand presses, the demand for books and papers was so great that it could not be satisfied. Men therefore set themselves to contriving some means of striking off newspapers with greater dispatch. Machines were introduced that would print as fast as ten men could place sheets of paper in position. Subsequently this method was superseded by something better. In the first place, these new machines were self-feeders. A long strip of paper of the required width was used in place of detached sheets. This was placed upon a reel attached to the machine, and thus the supply would be continuous.

A large knife cut the paper to the proper size, as it passed through the machine; and each sheet came out folded, ready for delivery. With one such machine as this, no less than 30,000 newspapers can be printed, cut and folded in one hour!

When we compare this tremendous speed with the slow process that printers had to content themselves with formerly we can get some idea of the great improvements made during this century.

Years ago it required several months and even years to print a book of average size, and generally but small editions were struck off. Printing establishments now advertise that they are prepared to print and bind a book of from two to three hundred pages within twenty-four hours from the time the work is placed in their hands!

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 115.)

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SCRIPTURAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

THE scripture doctrine of the resurrection is not an anti-natural one; and its verification is not an anti-natural occurrence. The world's epoch in which we are living is old and dying, already the earth writhes in the agonies of a dissolution, preparatory to the advent of a new world era; and the question is: Shall we come up with it in a new life, or before it? This is the gist of the matter. The resurrection is not to be because, as asserted, God purposes to interfere with nature.

The Edenic decree of death is simply advisory, or premonitory. Death and sin are eternally linked together, and the Almighty disclosed the fact. When He spoke to Adam in the paradisaical garden He merely informed him of the consequences of pursuing a certain course; and so Adam understood Him. Between the alternative of allowing man to sin and die in ignorance, or to sin and die forewarned, God chose the latter.

This is all that a rational interpretation of the language of His decree will bear; and other portions of scripture substantiate this view. Revelation says "the wages of sin is death;" thus transgression earns its doom. Death reigned from the beginning upon this earth; and long before it was polluted by actual human sin.

James informs us that "sin bringeth forth death;" that is, it sustains the same relation to sin that a child does to its mother—a very natural one, surely. St. John asserts "the devil was a sinner from the beginning." Now, where sin is, there is also death.

How any one, in view of these scriptural declarations, can maintain that death was unknown until after the fall of man is something beyond our comprehension. The Revelator of Patmos writes of the everlasting gospel and refers, unquestionably, to the one now in possession of the human family; and that certainly is a gospel of life and of death. But of what utility was a gospel in the eternities before Adam if there were no occasion for its application? If everlasting, it must have been preached, used and abused before the foundations of this earth were laid, in just such scenes as those which transpire around us now—in those of life and of death; and of life by death.

This is the "Mormon" doctrine, and so far as science can investigate the subject, her revelations attest its truth. The rocks are the records, and their mute but powerful testimony cannot be ignored.

Thus, infidelity has not plucked a leaf from the laurel crown of revelation, but simply has trailed the banner and standard of false theology in the dust. To all such victories it is doubly welcome. Divested of all false interpretation the record of Genesis blazes with the brilliancy of divine truth, and, consequently, the same lustre shines undimmed in the doctrine of the resurrection.

This essential relationship of sin and death is not all the Edenic dictum disclosed. We shall find in it other remarkable coincidences with the facts of science, as mentioned heretofore. The most singular of all is to follow. The scientific truth that there is no life but by death was first disclosed to man in Eden. This was heaven's first revelation to our race. The Almighty affirmed it when He said: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

The world was prepared as a habitation for a human race, and the first pair were introduced upon it for a purpose. The command to "multiply and replenish the earth" reveals the grand design. But the communication of life under mortal conditions entails a loss of vital power, and to bestow the life boon upon a whole race would, we think, in reason necessitate the death of the benefactor. Could Adam supply, from his own mortal life, the lives of the billions of human beings who have lived since he began his career, and suffer no diminution of his own life capital? Could he still, as a mortal, be perfect after vitalizing a race? Without question, no. But imperfection must die, and Adam could be no exception. He fell that men might be; and our lives are debtors to his death. Had our first parents remained alone they would have continued immortal; but if they communicated life they should die. How natural is all this? There is no life but by death; and such is the startling truth of nature and of Eden. Science reveals nothing new in her discoveries, for some of her grandest truths were known in the infancy of our race.

Let us take her revelations and test the ungarnished story of the fall of man by them. What a surprising correspondence! Is it an accidental coincidence that nature and scripture

thus agree? or is it because the Mind which dictated Genesis understood that we owe our life to Adam's death—that we live on earth because he does not?

But nature and nature's God cannot conflict in any of their operations. The laws of nature are God's mode of procedure, His rules of action; and a still more surprising correspondence between the law of life by death, and the gospel, remains to be noticed.

From the period of human life beginning we start out afresh. In retrogressive order we sweep over each successive formative period in world-building history, and come at last, after almost illimitable time, to an epoch when the world was not, and before its foundations were laid; and there we see a Lamb for sinners slain, and read in the immutable decree of His sacrificial death the scientific, eternal truth of Jehovah—"There is no life but by death."

It is wonderful, strange, past all comprehension; but there is the fact rooted in the foundations of nature, and written in the precious blood of Jesus; Eden asserts the law, and the death of the Savior proves the doctrine of the resurrection strikingly in accord with nature. As Adam died to give life to a mortal race; so if Jesus purposed to become the author of eternal life to a dead humanity, He must die.

We do not pretend to explain fully this relationship of life and death, but we can show its existence. As our mortal existence is the natural result of Adam's death, so also will our immortal life be the natural result of Christ's death. Adam died purposely that men might be, and we are. Jesus Christ died purposely, also, that we may be immortalized; and we shall be. As life followed Adam's death with the certainty of truth, so shall we live hereafter as surely as Jesus died.

Thus is met the proud question of infidelity: "How can the death of another confer the blessing of life upon us?" since it is shown rationally that in no other way can we obtain it. "In Christ shall all be made alive;" and let infidelity controvert the doctrine if it can.

What a grand consistency exists between science, the story of Eden and the death of Jesus! Who could originate a resurrection doctrine depending upon the death of anyone, but He who reads nature as an open book, and guides all of her mysterious but successful operations.

But, suppose there were a break somewhere in this wonderful chain. Suppose that Christ had not died; then, in view of all the facts, the resurrection doctrine would lose all the weighty testimony afforded by the order and law of nature. As the matter stands, nature weaves the strongest web of probability around the idea of life hereafter; and she discloses one mighty truth, viz., If there be any future existence, then revelation has adopted nature's own methods for securing it.

But further, our doctrine teaches that those who enter the celestial kingdom of God, shall pass on to the estate of the Gods; and those only. What is the philosophy of this distinction? Here it is in few words: Those who do not communicate life must forever possess a fulness of that with which they are started in the eternities. Their life is not diminished and they cannot die. Those who communicate life must die, for it is nature's law. Startle not, dear reader, our celestial hopes are not wrecked, but affirmed, by nature. There is no higher life but by death; and this is nature's law. Shall we prove the law by the gospel, or prove the "Mormon" gospel true by the law? Either way, there is divine harmony between nature and revelation. Those who inherit and propagate eternal lives are to become the new "Adamases" of the future.

Who was Adam? A resurrected man, enjoying a celestial glory and propagating lives. He must therefore die. And did he not to clothe his heavenly offspring with bodies? What is he now? The God of this world. He died to enter His last estate and took His glorious degree by death. There is no exaltation without death.

See the consistency of revelation and nature! Wonderful, strange, mysterious law! "O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?"

If we become Gods, we must rise as Adam did; by death. Do we not now see the essential relationship of death with our resurrection?

That which, rather than these truths, demonstrates the rationality and exceeding great probability of the resurrection verity, is example; and, we think, that only can do it.

How will this theory correspond with other portions of scripture? For example: Christ is the first fruits of them that slept—of the resurrection, in its proper sense—but why? There could have been no resurrection upon the earth prior to the death of Jesus; for the life that is the resurrection dependence had not yet died. As Adam's descendants could not live before he did, nor exist until he had passed from immortality to mortality, neither could the resurrection descendants of Jesus be before Him, nor live until His mortality had put on immortality.

But some one will say we have already shown the resurrection—the exaltation of the substance of our bodies—is an inevitable event; and does not this fact render void the necessity for Christ's death? Would we not be resurrected, according to this theory, whether Jesus died or not? What of this objection? Can it be questioned that our position is a true one? or, if mankind fail of a special uplifting, that the dust of our bodies must share the destiny of the earth mass? Can it be denied that the latter has been progressing from the beginning? Does not its imperfections demand another change? and can we rationally conclude that it will stop short of perfection? The law of progression is a natural one, and that of life by death is also; and there must be a reconciliation of the two.

Consider that man is a compound being, consisting of spirit and gross matter. Both physically and spiritually he has fallen under the dominion of sin and, consequently, of death. If life by death is the law concerning material, or grosser substance, is it not also true respecting our spirits, or the more refined matter? Since our physical organism lives by the death or dissolution of other substance, our spirits must live eternally by the death of Jesus, and in no other way.

(To Be Continued.)

CAUSES OF CRIME.—Idleness leads to crime as naturally as ignorance and intemperance. These three causes combined gives rise to most of the vices with which our country is cursed. A careful examination of the prison statistics of the United States shows that twenty eight per cent. of the inmates are unable to read or write, and have had no education. Seventy-seven per cent. have never learned a trade, and seventy per cent. are intemperate. It is a sad fact, also, that criminal life commences early. Nearly one-fourth of the prison inmates are under twenty years of age.

The lesson suggested is of high value. An education in our public schools is a strong safeguard against crime; and if this is followed by a choice of some business or trade, and by habits of temperance, a vicious life is almost impossible.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE BOOT BLACK.

As a rule, perhaps there is but very little to be learned from youths who swarm around the foot passengers of large cities, anxious to shine their boots. Many boys of this class are very ignorant and low in their habits, as they grow up without the kind training of good parents. They are left to fight the battles of life alone, with no one to give them wise counsel or to warn them of the snares of vice and sin; and probably without a single friend, except their fellow-boot-blacks.

But there are some exceptions to this, one of which we are about to tell you of. The little boy whose history we are going to relate was the son of a widow. His father had died about a year before the time our story begins. Thus his mother, with her family of four children, was left to get her support as best she could. But she was not able to earn much and she had so many to care for at home. Besides her health was rather delicate, and she was unable to perform hard labor.

For awhile she was at a loss to know what to do in order to provide for her children. Day by day her stock of provisions grew smaller, but she said nothing about it to her little ones.

One day, however, her oldest son, James, knowing she had no income upon which to depend, asked his mother what they were going to do for food when the scanty supply they had was gone.

"I am sure I do not know," said the mother, "I hope that the way will be opened somehow that I can get means with which to feed and clothe you. Don't you know of something, James, that you could do to bring in a little means?"

James bowed his head and began to ponder the subject. He did not think it any use to apply for a situation at any of the stores and offices in the city, for he knew other boys who had tried, and failed, and for sometime he could not think of anything to do in order to help his mother support the family. At last, it struck him that he might possibly earn a little by blacking boots on the street.

He told his mother what he thought of doing, but at first she did not like the idea. She knew full well that the associations he would form as a boot-black would tend to evil. She was very anxious that her children should grow up to be respect-

able members of society. She therefore could not consent to let her son follow such a business.

But James promised his mother that he would not associate with bad company; but would select a place on the street where he could catch the greatest number of customers, and would remain there, instead of following the gang of impudent little urchins who would surround the passers-by and torment them with their noisy shouts of "Shine your boots, sir! shine your boots, sir!"

His mother finally said he might try the business for awhile. She felt to trust her son, for she had always found him truthful; and as he had promised to not associate with evil companions, she was satisfied that he would keep himself pure.

As soon as his mother gave consent, James procured an outfit and the next morning went to his work. He proceeded to a corner of one of the principle streets and made that his post for the day.

Soon a number of other boot-blacks came up and surrounded him. At first they thought of running away with his brushes, but his dignified manner seemed to banish such ideas from them, and they almost felt to respect him. After questioning him awhile they invited him to follow them, saying he would never get any thing to do if he did not go after it. But he respectfully declined to go, stating that he would take his chances where he was.

Just then they saw a gentleman passing and they all ran after him, each one anxious to "shine" his boots.

James remained at his post all day and when evening came he quietly returned to his home.

At first he did not earn much, but he noticed that his customers were steadily increasing, and soon his earnings amounted to a fair little sum which was a great help to his mother. His customers came regularly every day as he was always found in the same place; and he did his work so neatly that everyone was pleased with it. While the other boys ran up and down the streets all day long for what few jobs they could catch, he had plenty to do without moving from his post.

In our next number we will continue the story of this little boot-black, and show how he became a successful manufacturer and an honored man in society.

What is a difficult lock to pick? One from a bald head.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

1. Who assisted Joseph with the translation of the Book of Mormon after Martin Harris? A. Oliver Cowdery.

2. While translating, what particular doctrine attracted their attention? A. Baptism for the remission of sins.

3. What did they conclude to do in order to receive further knowledge upon the matter? A. To go into the woods and ask the Lord in prayer.

4. Who appeared unto them? A. John, the same who is called John the Baptist in the New Testament.

5. What did he tell them? A. He told them that he acted under the direction of the Apostles, Peter, James and John.

6. What did he do after he made this declaration? A. He laid hands upon their heads and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood.

7. What authority has the Aaronic Priesthood? A. Authority to baptize by immersion for the remission of sins, but not to lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

8. After they had been taught and directed concerning this ordinance, what did they do? A. They went and were baptized; Joseph baptized Oliver first, and afterwards Oliver baptized Joseph.

9. What was done after the baptism? A. Joseph laid his hands on Oliver's head and ordained him to the Aaronic Priesthood, and Oliver then laid his hands on Joseph's head and ordained him to the same Priesthood.

10. When did this occur? A. On the 15th of May, 1829.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When were Joseph the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery ordained to the Melchisedec Priesthood?
2. What power and authority has the Melchisedec Priesthood?
3. When and where was the Church of Jesus Christ organized?
4. What were the names of the first six members?
5. When and where and by whom was the first sermon of this dispensation preached?
6. When was the first miracle performed in this Church and what was the nature of it?
7. Who were the first missionaries sent out by the Church to preach the gospel to the Indians?
8. On their way to the west where did they organize an important branch of the Church?

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 7: W. L. Worzencroft, H. T. Ward, G. S. Forsyth, I. Fisher, L. Hatch, Avildia Page, Alice A. Keeler, J. H. Jenkins, E. Porter, N. Andrus, Etta M. Huish, L. R. Anderson, Jane Welch, Huldah L. Stout, H. Muir, S. P. Oldham, R. Hurst, Dency E. Terry, G. E. Court, Leone Rogers, Mary A. Crookston, Emily E. Brough, R. A. Turner, W. N. Draper, A. Barrett, Janie Smith, Lucy D. Perry, Ovenia A. Jorgensen, F. W. Kirkham, H. C. Blood, F. Pickering, S. Stark, Alice Crane, Eliza J. Morgan, J. R. Morgan, W. E. Cole, H. H. Blood, Marinda Monson, J. R. Young, C. Alfsen, D. W. Evans, G. M. Ward, R. H. Brown, Rose M. Sedgwick, Louisa Johnson, Sarah Bennett, J. L. Jenkins, Elizabeth S. Zundel, W. J. C. Mortimer, Louisa Steele, Eleanor Harper, Jas. Kirkham, J. Folkman, Sarah E. Cole.

ENIGMA.

BY C. C. SHAW.

I am composed of 13 letters:

My 5, 4, 3 is a bright color;

My 2, 1, 7, 6 is what every child likes,

My 8, 9, 10 is a conjunction;

My 13, 11, 12 has brought ruin to thousands;

My whole is what all should strive to obtain.

The words forming the Diamond Puzzle in No. 7 are I, INK, INDIA, KIN, A. Correct answers have been received from C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City; Saml. Stark, F. Pickering, Payson; Esther L. Phillips, Porterville; Alice Porter, West Porterville.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a newspaper the sharpest? When it's filed.

WHEN is a ship like a railway track? When the cargo's on it.

WHY should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a waterless desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

WHY is a highwayman like a grocer who gives false measure? Both of them lie in weight.

WHEN is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME years ago an Episcopal Bishop, speaking to some friends in New York about the condition of affairs in Utah, made the statement that Brigham Young and the "Mormon" leaders generally did not understand the value of education. He thought that was our weak point; and that if good schools could be introduced into Utah, it would be one of the best means to bring about the downfall of our system of religion. Acting upon that idea, great efforts have been made to plant schools here. Our opponents have recognized the fact that if they could induce our children to attend their schools, the destruction of their faith in the gospel of the Son of God would be easily accomplished. Every denomination, therefore, which has sent preachers to our country has sent means with them to establish schools. In very many of our settlements they have opened them and are trying hard to get the children of the Latter-day Saints to attend them. In schools of this character the teachers are at perfect liberty to teach any religious dogma they choose. This is their right, because they are not supported by taxes, but by the money of the society which sent the teacher out.

I do not know how many schools these people have in the Territory, but there are quite a number, and in all of them religion is taught—that is, religion of the kind believed in by the teacher and the principal feature of which is hatred of us and our religion. But from our schools, with the exception of three, religion is banished. Our schools are all secularized. We pay taxes to support schools, and everything except religion is taught in them.

I have always viewed the action of the Legislative Assembly in imposing a tax for the support of schools, as unwise legislation for a people in our position. It was an attempt to introduce a system here altogether unsuited to our situation and wants. Through the operations of this law, schools derive support from taxation, and on this account many people thought the system would be a good one, because the poor counties would get their schools supported by the taxation of the richer counties. It is on this account that many of the members of the Legislative Assembly from the remote and poor counties have favored taxation for school purposes. The apportionment of the school tax last year gave two dollars a head for every child of school age in each school district. Looked at from one point this appears a great advantage. But let us look at this from all points:

We must remember that this tax is collected from all classes—religious and non-religious; "Mormons," Jews and Gentiles. The schools, then, which derive any support from this tax must be conducted so that every class of citizens can send their children to them without having the tenets of some religion in which the parents do not believe taught to them. To illustrate: a "Mormon" does not want to have his children taught the creed which he does not believe; neither will a Gentile submit to have his children taught the Book of Mormon; the Jew objects to his child being taught the New Testament; and the infidel will not have his children taught the Bible, the Book of Mormon, or any other religious book. Each taxpayer says:

"I do not pay my taxes to aid any church teach its religious views to my children, or to the children of my neighbor; I must insist, therefore, that all religious teaching be excluded

from the schools which are supported in part by my taxes."

He says this whether he has children of his own or not. When, therefore, there are no scholars but those of "Mormon" parentage in a school, if that school derives any support from the school tax, all religious books are excluded from the school. Thus it is that all our schools are secularized, and the Bible, the Book of Mormon and all our Church works are rigidly excluded from our schools. No teacher is permitted to inculcate any religious doctrine, and no one is required to teach even morality, lest in doing so he should trench on the domain of religion.

Through this school law we have the extraordinary spectacle presented to us of a people who have endured the most wonderful sacrifices for their religion—having left houses, lands and property of every description, and in fact, everything that men hold dear in life, and fled into this far-distant region for its sake—by their own act rigidly excluding the teachings of that religion from their school-rooms! Was there ever such blind fatuity? One would naturally imagine that where people had suffered so much for their religion as the Latter-day Saints have, their chief and highest care would be to teach their children that religion, and to lay the foundation of faith in it so deep and strong in their hearts and affections that it could never be uprooted. But what do we behold?

The Latter-day Saints, through their own unwise legislation, converting their schools into places where everything but religion is taught, and leaving the field of religion to be occupied by their opponents, whose aim it is to destroy in the minds of the rising generation all faith in the principles in which the Latter-day Saints believe! With the exception of the three schools I have mentioned—the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, the Brigham Young College at Logan, and the Millard Stake Academy at Fillmore—we have no schools where even the Bible is allowed to be read, while the schools of our opponents are religious, and are used as missionary agencies to prepare the minds of the pupils who attend them to believe in the religion of those who support them. It is for the purpose of destroying our religion they have been established.

Can a Catholic who believes in his religion be found who will send his children to a school taught by an enemy of Catholicism? Such an instance is unknown; and yet there are "Mormons" who would feel insulted if their faith in the gospel were questioned, and who, perhaps, in past times have shown their faith by their works, who send their children to the Catholic and other schools with as much apparent confidence as if they were entrusting them to the care of the most faithful brethren and sisters in the Church.

Our co-religionists in Idaho are now suffering from a condition of affairs which, if our enemies can have their way, will be established in Utah. By a cunningly-framed test oath, Latter-day Saints are all excluded in that Territory from acting as school teachers and school trustees, or from having anything to do with schools. Our people must pay taxes to support the schools, but they can have no voice in their management. If they send their children to school, they have for trustees and teachers persons who are openly hostile to their religion, and who do not conceal their intention to destroy it if they can.

If our enemies could have their way in Utah they would do the same with our schools here; they would not allow any "Mormon" to hold the office of school trustee nor any "Mormon" to act as teacher. With our taxes they would support schools which would be seminaries of anti-"Mormonism" and infidelity. Under such circumstances we would either have to incur the danger of our children being made our enemies by

the pernicious teachings of hostile anti-Mormons, or pay our taxes for them to spend as they please, and then organize schools of our own, the cost of which we would have to bear. If our enemies could have their way in disfranchising the monogamists, as they already have the polygamists of our community, they would soon place us in this condition.

But this is a fruitful subject and I have already occupied my share of space. I shall, however, continue it in my next.

LESSONS FROM REAL LIFE.

GOOD COMPANY.

REPEATEDLY has the advice been given to our young people to keep good company, to seek only the association of the good, the noble, the pure and the wise. Such persons can be found when their society is sought and the youth grow better by association with such persons. Far more profitable would it be for one to live without society than to mingle with those who are wicked and corrupt, and whose only conversation is of things which are degrading and impure. Examples are quite numerous where really innocent persons have suffered injustice and wrong because they happened to be in the society of those who did evil. Boys are accused of being themselves smokers because they have been seen with those who smoke. Young men are supposed to drink because they associate with those who do. Young ladies are supposed to be vain, haughty, proud and sometimes unchaste, because they select as companions those who are possessed of such characteristics, when perhaps in each of these cases the parties accused are themselves innocent. These things, however, prove to us the necessity of choosing for company persons of whose actions we can be proud and whose examples we may imitate with profit.

There is a young man now serving out a term of six years' imprisonment in one of the U. S. penitentiaries for a crime of which it is most probable he is innocent, judging from evidence which has since his sentence been produced. His trouble was brought upon him by his association with a person whom he did not suspect of wrong-doing, but who was already supposed and he proved to be a scoundrel. The occurrence as related to us is as follows:

Adam L—— was a young man of twenty-two years of age. He had for some time been engaged working at a smelter, where he was earning sufficient to sustain himself and assist his aged parents. One day he received a letter from home with a request from his mother to immediately return home as his father was not expected to live. He immediately complied with her request, but his father, though gradually growing weaker, lingered along for some time and the son remained at home to be near at hand when the end should come. While here he associated with an old acquaintance. One day he saw the latter driving a four-months' old calf and a yearling steer along the road, and, at his request, Adam assisted him to take them to a butcher's corral. The animals were in due time slaughtered and the meat sold. Presently a gentleman came along and made enquiries concerning animals such as had been driven to the butcher's. He finally learned that two animals had been seen in charge of two young men who were driving them along the street. The two persons were arrested and by the testimony of eye witnesses it was proved that they had been seen driving the cattle. Now the principal in the affair got on

the stand and, under oath, testified that he was innocent and his companion was guilty. The result was Adam L—— was convicted and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary, only a small part of which he has as yet served. The really guilty party escaped conviction, but it is now probable that he will be made to suffer yet, as he is at present under arrest for stealing beer from a saloon.

This incident should teach our young folks an impressive lesson in regard to the choice of associates. No matter how perfect our own actions may be if we constantly associate with those who are steeped in crime, a portion of the blame due them will certainly be attached to us, and it is not impossible that we may be required to suffer for some of their misdeeds.

VINT.

AN ORIENTAL INCIDENT.

A TURKISH and a Russian officer once fell into a dispute as to the superiority in discipline of their respective soldiers.

"I can prove to you on the spot," said the Russian, "how perfectly our men are trained." And he called his orderly.

"Ivan!"

"Sir."

"Go to Mehemet's, buy me a pound of tobacco and come back at once."

The soldier saluted, turned on his heel and went out.

"Now," said the Russian officer, taking out his watch, "my orderly is walking straight to the next corner, where he must turn—now he is turning—now he is opposite the white mosque—now he is crossing the maydan—now he is at the Mehemet's—now he is buying the tobacco—now he is coming back—now he is at the door—now"—and the Russian called out:

"Ivan!"

"Sir."

"Where's the tobacco?"

"Here, sir."

The Turkish officer, showing no sign of surprise at the precision of this Russo-tobacco movement, promptly broke out, "Ho! ho! my soldier can do that every day in the week," and he called:

"Muhetar!"

"Sir."

Go to Ali Effendi's and see that you bring me a pound of tobacco. My pipe is empty."

"Instantly, sir."

Following the tactics of the Russian officer, the Turk pulled out his watch and went on:

"Now Muhetar is in the street; now he is passing the *pal-pooch* bazar; now it is noon and he is saying his prayers; now he is drinking at the stone fountain; now Ali Effendi hails him and asks about my health; now Muhetar is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming back by another way; now he is on our street; now he is at the door; now"—

"Muhetar!" shouted the officer.

"Sir."

"Where is my tobacco?"

"I haven't found my shoes yet!"

No man should act so as to take advantage of another's folly.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, a Russian nobleman, who was born rich and said to be an accomplished scholar, a brave soldier, a brilliant man of society and the greatest Russian writer of fiction now living, has written a work which he calls "My Religion," and which has lately been translated by an American into our language. In this book he describes his view of what the life of a Christian should be. He accepts literally the teachings of Jesus Christ respecting meekness, submission, poverty, forgiveness, charity and self-denial. He believes that Jesus actually meant what He said when He bade us resist no evil, forsake courts of law, refuse to make oath, judgment, have no respect of person, but love one another. This nobleman says all this can be done very easily; and he attempts to carry these precepts out in his life.

He says that in this century thirty millions of men have perished in war, and he asks how many have given up their lives for Christ's sake. He expresses himself as follows:

"Everything that once seemed to me important, such as honors, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable. Everything that once seemed to me wrong and despicable, such as rusticity, obscurity, poverty, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothing, of manners, all have now become right and important to me. * * * I can not, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the quality of manhood. I can not seek for fame or glory; I can no longer cultivate a system of instruction which separates me from men. * * * I can no longer pursue amusements which are oil to the fire of amorous sensuality, the reading of romances and the most of poetry, listening to music, attendance at balls and theatres. * * * I can not favor the celibacy of persons fitted for the marriage relation."

These are some of his views. He has renounced literature for religion, and intends henceforth to devote himself entirely to works of practical piety. It is his purpose, so he announces, to carry out in their integrity the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. He has decided to sell all that he has and give it to the poor, and literally to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow. He believes that salvation is to be found only in physical labor; he works with his own hands among the peasants in the field; but he is at present occupying himself with shoe-making. Thinking it his duty to give those about him the least possible trouble, the count makes his own bed and cleans his own room; and, in order to spare the washerwoman, changes his linen as seldom as possible. Everything which the poor do not enjoy in common with the rich he regards as luxuries unsuited to him; the pursuit of literature he regards as a vain thing, and the reputation his works have won him he does not value. The count has nine children, the eldest of whom has

just finished his course at college. When the young man asked his father, a little while ago, what profession he would like him to take up, the answer he received was:

"Go and sweep snow; all my children must earn their own livelihood. I shall give all my fortune to the poor."

The most extraordinary feature of this man's belief is that there will be no personal or individual life after death. How he can entertain such an idea, and still believe in Christ and His teachings, is not easy to comprehend. He says that he discovers no promise of life after death in the scripture. But in what manner he reconciles this belief with the words of Jesus, which he professes to value so highly, is not clear. Jesus says: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." He says also that great shall be the reward in heaven of those whom men revile and persecute and say all manner of evil about falsely for His sake. Jesus also told His disciples that He went before them to prepare a place for them; that where He was, they might come unto Him. He told them that they should sit upon twelve thrones and should judge the twelve tribes of Israel. He raised His friend, Lazarus, and others, from the dead, and Himself came forth from the dead and appeared unto many. It is most strange, therefore, that any one professing to believe in Jesus and the record of the New Testament can not believe in individual life beyond the grave. This clearly shows how possible it is for men, destitute of the Priesthood and the authority which it brings, to fall into the most dreadful errors; and while believing a great many true principles, mix with them the worst of fallacies.

Count Tolstoi's theories respecting the teachings of the Savior may, in some respects, be very correct; but they cannot be carried into practical effect in the manner he proposes. Hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of reformers have attempted by their own strength and wisdom to bring about a better and happier condition of affairs among mankind. In some instances they may have been able to accomplish some good results; but it requires the Priesthood, the authority which God recognizes, to attain anything very satisfactory in bringing men to God and to understand His divine likeness.

The motives of this Russian nobleman may be the best in the world; but he can not achieve any permanent results by the method he has adopted. His example, however, may cause many people to pause and reflect, and may have also the effect to restrain some from pursuing a selfish, worldly course of life; but to carry out the precepts of the Savior there must be organized society—in other words, a Church, the members of which accept and faithfully carry out the teachings which He has given.

It was for this purpose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. The precepts and commandments of the Savior are intended to be the laws of life for the members of His Church. Though this Church has been organized fifty-six years, and considerable progress has been made in some directions, we have yet much to do to bring us up to the standard of life which Jesus has taught. And no wonder at this when we consider how far the world is from practicing the religion of Christ as He taught it! The Latter-day Saints have been gathered from the world, and have brought with them, to a very great extent, its fashions, its traditions and its modes of thought. It requires time for people to discard and unlearn all these, and to practically adopt the teachings of the Savior in their literal sense.

It is for the rising generation of the Latter-day Saints to carry on this work. They are born under favorable circumstances, and are free from many things which have tampered

and retarded the progress of their parents. It is not near so hard for them, if they are properly trained, to carry out all the laws of God, for they have no traditions to contend with.

It is that they might receive a better training, that the Lord has commanded His people to come out of Babylon and gather to Zion. When He took Israel out of Egypt He found it difficult to control those who were grown up. For forty years He kept them wandering in the wilderness, until every one who had left Egypt over twenty years of age, excepting two, had died. The new generation were more tractable and obedient: they had not so many traditions and were not so fixed in their habits and modes of thinking and acting. So it is in our day; men and women brought up and trained in the world and its ways have more difficulty in conforming to the new mode of life taught by the gospel than do their children; that is, if the children have faith.

It is very desirable, therefore, for the growth of the kingdom of God that our children should have faith, and should have a desire to carry out in their lives, in a practical manner, the teachings of the Son of God.

EDNA'S LESSON.

A SPRING HOLIDAY.

BRIGHT was the streaming sunshine, blue was the sky, and happy was the heart of Edna Williams that warm, soft day in early May, on which she was to accompany her mother on a long-expected visit to the pretty country town of ——. You see, I must not tell you the name of the town or you will perhaps guess who the pretty heroine of my story is. At any rate, Edna and her mamma had not far to go from the depot in Salt Lake City, after they took their seats in the long train that soon moved swiftly on its appointed way.

My little friend, Edna, was not very strong, and her mamma, who was a widow, had used all her wisdom in keeping the frail body of her darling alive. Edna was standing in the doorway of womanhood. Her nature, impulsive, passionate, loving and winning, looked at everything in the dual lights of childhood and womanhood. Now she would flutter and dance with the wildest unconcern, again her mother would find her sitting in some out-of-the-way place, quiet and sad, as though filled with the wistful premonitions of coming duties and loving burdens.

I would not have you think Edna was in any way a disagreeable girl, for she was sunshine and brightness itself; only her temper often betrayed her. But I have told you enough of her character, for the story of that one holiday will tell you more about her than any words could tell.

How quickly beat the little girl's heart as the "toot-toot" of the engine sounded its warning! And she looked eagerly around to see if all was settled right for herself and her mamma.

What a lovely day it was, to be sure! And how could that little woman across the aisle look so cross when it was so cool, so sunny and so pleasant? And why did not that big, fat man hurry and come in the car; he would surely fall off the steps, for the train was now commencing to move off?

"Oh, dear!" says Edna, "he'll be left!"

And mamma has to quiet her fidgety little girl and tell her men can take good care of themselves if they are fat and awkward.

And then they are off, and Edna pulls up the window, and pulls down the blind, and pulls up the blind, and finally settles down to something like quiet.

Everything interests her: the peanut boy, the man with the newspapers, the green, rushing fields outside, the cattle swiftly flying by, the sluggish water standing in pools, the telegraph poles; and, in the distance, the purple walls of her own blessed mountain home.

Suddenly the car door opens and the brakesman calls out: "——!"

Up jumps Edna; mamma grasps the satchel, and away they hurry. Such a shower of kisses as Edna bestows upon Uncle Solomon, who is waiting on the platform outside! Then Cousin Harry steps up and Edna very modestly shakes hands with him. Harry was only a year older than Edna, and, between you and me, I am confident he meant to kiss his cousin heartily, as he always had on these rare visits. But Edna's womanly greeting, and her manner, so much older than it was the year before, rather daunted him. Boy-like, he soon assumed a somewhat sullen air, fancying himself as much a man as any one, and could put on airs as well as city girls could.

So there was a little restraint over Edna as she took her seat by her mother in Uncle Solomon's light wagon.

The ride in the cool mountain air, the longed-for freedom and country sights and sounds soon restored Edna's good temper and she enjoyed the ride with a greater zest than she ever seemed to before in her life.

You see, these excursions to Uncle Solomon's farm were made once a year; for mamma could not afford time nor money to go oftener.

Arrived at the farm-house, what a chorus of welcomes issued from its open portals as Aunt Fanny and all the children rushed out to greet the new comers. And such a delicious breakfast as was spread on the table! Cream biscuit, and snowy pot-cheese, with limpid honey and a great dish of large black currants, ready to have their dark beauty smothered in the thick cream that filled the fat cream-pitcher to the brim with its pale-yellow richness.

And what happy hearts echoed "Amen" to Uncle Solomon's blessing, who thanked God for this happy reunion of loving hearts!

I wish we had time to go with Edna and her cousins as they raced and laughed and danced through the day. There was the big swing in the barn, and the eggs to be gathered, and the duck's nest down near the pond, and the new milk-house, and old Pet's young colt, and the little fluffy baby-chickens, and Aunt Fanny's new sewing-machine, and a bouquet of sweet wild flowers to gather, starry daisies and solitary blue-bells, with red-bells and sweet-williams; all these sights and happy labors were viewed and performed by the merry cousins.

At last, late in the afternoon, Harry and Sam went off somewhere, and Edna eagerly suggested to Cousin Fanny that they should go into the huge barn and play theatre, a game very little attempted in the settlements, where opportunities were rare for seeing such things as theatres.

After some persuasion, Fanny consented; and the little girls, Susy and Tilly, with Baby Frank, were perched up in an empty manger as the "audience."

All was satisfactorily arranged, and with some long aprons the older girls dressed up as tragedy queens.

Up and down the barn pranced Edna, with a funny assumption of the grand airs of Julia Dean Hayne, whom she and her mamma had once seen perform in the Salt Lake Theatre.

The applause was feeble, and Edna had to work very hard



EDNA'S LESSON. (See page 137.)

to show her cousin, Fanny, as well as her tiny audience, how to perform their various parts.

In the midst of Edna's "Play you said, 'I shall die but never yield,' and play I took a knife—play this stick was a knife—and play I stabbed you, and" (to the children) "play you clapped your hands as I strike her to the heart; and play

"Ha, ha, ha!" was showered on them from above; and "Ha, ha, ha! The-a-tre actors; the-a-tre actors!" shouted out a rude voice.

In a perfect agony of startled, frightened, angry, shamed passion, Edna looked up to where the sounds proceeded from; and there, high up on the hay lay the two boys, Harry and Sam, their eyes filled with fun and their mouths with mocking laughter.

Poor Edna, overcome with rage and shame, stamped and cried, calling Sam a nasty, rude country boy; and I am grieved to say she said many unkind and even cruel things in her wrath. She fairly danced in her excitement; and at last, maddened by her tormentors' jeers, she slung up her slippered feet and away went her new slippers, one in the stall under the cow's feet, and the other away up right on to Sam's head.

Here was a calamity! Harry grasped the tiny slipper and glared down at the unbappy girl.

"Say you're sorry, or I'll just throw this into the mill-pond!"

"Give me my slipper, you wicked boy! How dare you keep a lady's shoe?"

"Tuph!" grunted Harry, "folks that's ladies, acts like ladies!" and he coolly pocketed the slipper.

Just then, Edna's mamma appeared at the huge open doorway, and after learning the cause of all the confusion that met her eyes and ears, she got both the slippers and led her little girl up to the house.

Here they sat down on a rude bench outside the door, under a spreading tree, and Edna tearfully told her mamma the whole silly quarrel.

And then, such a talking-to as mamma gave Edna! She told her many things she had never told until that day. How that Edna was now a young lady; and that only those would be treated with the firm respect of boys or men who deserved it. And how grand and noble was the mission of woman upon the earth: to refine, to beautify, to ennoble the whole world. And then she spoke to her of the great blessings in this holy gospel that were showered upon women. And how they stand side by side with their husbands in time and in all eternity.

Sobered, ashamed and sadly penitent, Edna begged her mother to leave her alone, while she could recover her own sunny self and think of all she had told her. So mamma left her under the spreading limbs of the blossoming tree; and after awhile she softly came and laid a Book of Mormon in Edna's lap, and then as quietly left her.

She opened to the third book of Nephi and read of the visit of Jesus to this continent; and in the sweet words of Jesus she found a deeper, grander meaning than she had ever felt. Calmed and quieted, she finally laid her book upon her knee and sat a long while thinking and dreaming.

That day Edna laid aside much of the child which had so clung to her; and when Harry came to say good-by, the grace with which she offered her cheek for his goodly kiss was that of a sweet woman.

Cousin Harry, who is now a bearded man with a family, will now sometimes ask Edna, when he comes down on a visit, if

she allows her little daughters to play theatre; and she replies: "Yes, if they only keep their slippers on."

HOMESPUN.

FIVE YEARS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

(Continued from page 107.)

WHEN I had been there about three and a half years, I became pretty well reconciled to my position. A little incident happened that upset all my joys for the time being. Some masons had been at work on one of the wings of the house, and their scaffolding was up. There were some long planks leaning against the scaffold at an angle of forty-five degrees. One Sunday afternoon I and several other boys were sliding down these planks. The governor discovered us, and without any warning not to do it, he summoned us before him and passed sentence upon us. As I was the largest boy I was to receive two dozen lashes with the cane; the rest were let off very lightly. It being the Sabbath day when the offense was committed the time for inflicting the punishment was set for Monday morning. Of course, this was dreadful for me to contemplate, and I made up my mind, if possible, to escape the consequences of my misdeed. I concluded to run away; and as I had no time to lose, as soon as supper was over I left the place. After evening meal the officers of the house were all busy in getting the inmates from the dining hall to their different wards, and in the bustle I walked right away and was not noticed for a while. It was in the Fall of the year and it was nearly dark when supper was over. I had no sooner left the house than it began to rain, and it poured down in torrents. Before I had gone a mile I was wet to the skin, and having on a Scotch cap, the water would run down my back and face so I could not see. Pretty soon it got so dark I could hardly see my way, so I came to a standstill and concluded to go back, and back I went as best I could.

When I got there the doors were all locked for the night and there was no other way for me to get in except by ringing the bell at the front door. This I feared to do and waited some time to muster up sufficient courage. Having no other alternative, I at last ring the bell, and the governor answered it, as all the rest had gone to bed. He asked me where I had been, but I dared not tell him the facts. I made all kinds of excuses for my absence. He whipped me a long time in order to get me to tell the object of my being out so late. When I told him the truth he would not believe me. In the sick ward there was an old lady for nurse who was very fond of taking snuff and drinking a glass of toddy before she went to bed. I being errand boy, and as she did not leave the house very often, she used to get me to bring those two articles for her, and she would occasionally give me a penny for my services. It seems the governor got to know about this and had concluded that I had been out to get gin for the old lady. He said if I would own up he would forgive me. I told him I had not, and that he could soon satisfy himself of the fact, as I had neither gin nor the money. He expressed his belief that I had hid it in the garden, and he would make me own up to it before he got through with me. He then let me off with the understanding to settle with me in the morning. We then went to bed; he to sleep, and me to plan a way to escape.

(To be Continued.)

SAVING A WAGON TRAIN.

BY NEWAYGO.

THE following incident was related to the writer and vouched for by one of the early settlers of Utah:

About the year 1853, a gentleman whom we will call Elder Nathans was returning by the lower, or southern, route from California to Great Salt Lake City. He had several wagons laden with an assortment of valuable merchandise, twenty-three head of heavy work mules, and a band of choice but unbroken horses, which were being driven through for the purpose of stocking a ranch. The force of men accompanying the train, including drivers and herders, all told, numbered about a dozen.

Shortly before reaching the Muddy, when the party was encamped one evening, it was joined by a band of fourteen or fifteen Ute Indians, under a chief who spoke English very fairly and who made for himself and his braves the most friendly professions. The Indians hung about the party for two or three days, soliciting food and other articles; and, as the sequel proved, making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the numerical strength and wealth of the Whites.

When the camp was made on the Muddy, where feed was good, the chief came to Nathans and said:

"You not have grass for your horses here. All this land mine. My people want all grass seed here to make bread for many squaws and papposes. You got heap horses. You go on. Make camp other place."

Nathans thought he saw in this a pretext for a quarrel; so he resolved upon decisive measures. There were only four men in camp at this time, the others being out with the stock. But Nathans took a heavy "blacksnake" whip from a wagon, and advancing towards the chief, who was surrounded by his braves, replied:

"You see my horses are tired. I can't go on. Now, you keep still—no more talk. Don't touch my stock, else I'll whip Ute chief till he cry like a squaw."

With this, the "blacksnake" was flourished menacingly under the savage's nose, while Nathans assumed the fiercest expression which his features could command. The Ute betrayed some astonishment and fear at this threat; but finally gave a grunt and said:

"White man heap big chief. Let horses eat all grass him want. You go when you have one sleep?"

This last question was asked in a very interested manner; but Nathans attributed the Indian's anxiety to the matter of grass and therefore answered unsuspiciously:

"Yes, we leave Ute chief's grass to-morrow morning."

All the work animals had been turned out loose some distance to the left of the camp, while the band of wild horses was herded off to the right.

Feeling perfectly secure after the acquiescence of the Ute, Nathans left the camp and rode to the ground where the horses were being herded. After satisfying himself that the men were on duty and the animals safe for the night, he returned to the camp. No sooner had he reached the wagons than he observed the band of Utes about a third of a mile distant, taking the back trail.

This strange proceeding at once excited suspicion; and after Nathans had vainly sought an explanation from the two men in charge of the camp, he started after the Indians. He was

mounted on a fleet horse, and in less than fifteen minutes he had overtaken the Utes.

Without waiting for Nathans to speak, the chief said:

"You looking for mules? Me saw heap bad Injuns take mules off up gulch."

As he said this the Ute pointed to the left.

Nathans had scarcely suspected such a serious event, but he now felt convinced that his mules had been stolen by some of the chief's band. He turned and counted the braves who were present, and could not detect the absence of any. Still his opinion was not shaken; for he did not know how many skulkers might have been in league with the band. And, knowing that all his property and perhaps the lives of the men depended upon the recovery of his work animals, he resolved once more upon adopting an emphatic course.

Without a word to indicate his intention, he suddenly whipped out two revolvers, holding one in either hand, and sternly addressed the chief:

"You take your bucks and go back to my camp. If you don't I'll shoot a dozen of you. If any one of your braves makes a move to fire at me I'll kill you, old chief. Now, you march. Get in front of me all of you."

At first there were angry mutterings among the savages; but the chief was so thoroughly afraid of Nathans, and the latter had so obviously the means in his hands of slaying several of the redskins before he could be killed or captured, that the grumblings soon died away. At the command of the chief the braves turned and rode towards the camp; he himself being forced to bring up the rear of his band immediately in front of Nathans. As they were starting on the return journey, the freighter said to the chief:

"Old man, if you want to keep your brains you had better tell your braves not to turn their heads this way. As long as they don't look back they can't very well pick me off with a bullet. But just as sure as one of them makes a wrong move, I'll shoot you dead."

The impressiveness of this remark was not lost, and the Ute spoke to his braves in an emphatic tone, evidently instructing them in such a way as to guard well his precious head.

Arrived at the wagon train, Nathans ordered the Indians to throw down their arms; and this requirement was enforced by a command from the chief. The two men, who were by this time cooking supper, left the fire and gathered up the guns as they fell to the ground.

Nathans now took a few moments for reflection. He had Indians—more than he could use. But if his fears were well founded, he had no mules. He was now convinced that the Indians who had hung around the train constituted but a part of the band; and that the skulkers hovering out of sight had stolen the mules under instruction from the chief. The work animals once gone (and this was comparatively simple, because it was not deemed necessary to herd or guard them) the train could not move, the Indians could easily stampede the wild horses; and, while the men were scattered in search of their stock, the merchandise would become an easy prey. This was the plan as he surmised that the savages had arranged.

At all hazards, he felt that he must recover his mules. So he ordered the braves to stand in line, facing himself and the chief, to whom he remarked:

"You send two good braves to bring back my mules. Then I let you all go. You don't get mules, then I shoot chief and all the rest of his bucks!"

This speech may have been lacking in oratorical flourish; but as it was emphasized by the presence of two murderous-

looking revolvers in the hands of Nathans, it was sufficiently effective.

With much humiliation of manner, the Ute gave the necessary instructions; and the two best-mounted braves in the band galloped away, while the rest dismounted and turned their ponies loose.

Then, by the orders of Nathans, his two men spread a huge, heavy wagon-cover on the ground; the Indian braves were laid in line upon one half of the canvas with their heads all pointing outward, and the other half was thrown over them, covering them up to the chins.

Darkness was now coming on, and a huge fire was built at one end of the crowded bed, while Nathans stationed himself comfortably at the other end with a rifle in his hands and his pistols within easy reach. He thus had the thirteen Indian heads in range with the light; and he gave fair warning that the slightest movement on the part of any one of them would be a signal for him to send a ball crashing through the offending skull.

Several of the men soon came in from the herd-ground and learned of the situation. After supper, the force was equally divided—half of the men being stationed as herders of the wild horses, which were driven as near as possible to the wagons; and the others being constituted a patrol to prevent any surprise upon the camp.

Slowly the night wore away. The fire was kept burning brightly; the guard was on the alert, and no disturbance occurred.

It was after sunrise the next morning when the two braves rode slowly into camp, driving twenty-three jaded mules. Then the disgusted chief and his followers were released from their confinement. Their guns were discharged and their ammunition confiscated as a measure of safety. Then the weapons were restored to them; and, after a threatening lecture from Nathans, they were allowed to depart.

It was necessary for the wagon train to wait one day and night for the mules to recuperate; for they had evidently been driven a long distance. But wood, water and grass were plentiful; and little fear was entertained of an attack from the savages, as the Whites would be constantly on their guard.

Without further molestation, on the following morning the train resumed the journey; and, in a brief time, reached Great Salt Lake City in perfect safety.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 123).

AT this time the majority of the quorum of the Twelve were away in the East. Only P. P. Pratt, John Taylor and W. Richards were here. Elder Taylor was very sick and for some time in a dangerous state, through the wounds he received at Carthage. He had four balls shot into him and another ball struck his watch and broke it to pieces. To this small shield he may truly be said to owe his life; for but for that the ball doubtless would have gone through his heart. Dr. Richards was not hurt, although he was in the room where Hyrum was killed all the time the firing continued.

This sorrowful circumstance had a tendency to cement the hearts of the Saints more closely than ever. No threats were

offered, no disposition for revenge; all concluded to leave the case in the hands of the governor, who had pledged himself that the murderers should be brought to justice; and if he failed, the Saints were willing to leave it in the hands of God.

On Friday, the 5th of July, a large raft of pine lumber, containing 87,732 feet, was landed at the city for the temple. The brethren turned out liberally with their teams to haul it to the temple, where it was secured in a few days.

In a few days afterwards another raft, of 67,952 feet was received and hauled to the temple. This gladdened the hearts of the Saints.

Soon after this period the Saints were again made to sorrow on account of the death of Brother Samuel H. Smith, which took place on Tuesday evening, the 30th of July, after a very short illness; this being the third death in the family within five weeks.

There is now only one brother left of the family, viz: William. He was in the East during the progress of these afflictive events.

About the middle of July, the sisters of the branches of LaHarpe and Macedonia sent word to the temple committee and stated their anxiety to see this building progress still more rapidly.

They proposed if the committee would build another crane, they would furnish the means to build it with, and seemed wishful to go ahead with it immediately. The committee and recorder counselled on the subject and it was decided to comply with the wishes of the sisters.

Sister Clark, wife of Raymond Clark, was authorized to collect the contributions. She immediately started, and returned on the 29th with money and other property, amounting in the whole to \$194, which was more than sufficient to build a new crane.

The committee immediately set the carpenters to work, and on the 3rd of August the crane was put in operation under the management of Joshua Armstrong, the setter, and Horace Owens to back up, and W. W. Dryer, Wm. Austin and Archibald Hill to attend to the crane.

They commenced work on the north side and very soon satisfied the Saints of the utility of the movement. The works now progressed rapidly.

On the 4th of August, Elder Rigdon returned from Pittsburgh and laid a plan to draw away the minds of the Saints by proposing or instructing the Saints that they must now choose a guardian—intimating that he himself was the proper person.

Fortunately, on Tuesday, the 6th of August, five of the Twelve returned home, viz: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Lyman Wight, Orson Pratt and Wilford Woodruff. This event appeared very providential. They were just in time to frustrate Elder Rigdon's plans. This they did effectually.

On Thursday, the 8th, the Church voted to sustain the Twelve as the proper authority to govern the Church. The result was the open apostasy of Elder Rigdon and some others, who immediately left for Pittsburgh.

After this event the Saints seemed more and more united, and a better feeling prevailed. The works of the temple moved on with astonishing rapidity, and on the 23rd of September the first capital was put up.

The stone weighed about two tons and when the stone was at its height, and the men were attempting to draw it to the wall, the crane gave way at the foot of the wing or angle, which circumstance caused considerable danger. By great

care the stone was safely landed and set without any further accident.

On Wednesday, the 25th, as the brethren were beginning to raise one of the capitals, having neglected to fasten the guys, the crane fell over with a tremendous crash, breaking it considerably. As soon as it was perceived that the crane was falling, the hands fled to get out of the way. One of the brethren, Thomas Jaap, running directly in the course of the falling crane, barely escaped being killed. The crane struck the ground and was within a foot of striking his head. This circumstance hindered the workmen some; but in a few days the crane was mended, reared and the brethren again went to work on it.

About this time, Ira T. Miles came down from Lyman Wight's company, who were then in the north, having left the city, as was supposed, through cowardice, as they expected we should be routed and the city destroyed.

About the same time, Jacob Morris came down from the same company and stated that Miles had come with the intention of setting fire to the lumber, that the building might be hindered, as Lyman Wight had said the temple never would be built.

Whether this was the intention of Brother Miles or not we could not learn satisfactorily. However, enough was known to induce the authorities of the Church to advise the committee to have some of the old police guard the lumber and the temple night and day. The police have continued to guard it to this time. There has since that been many threats thrown out from the Rigdonites and other sources that the temple never should be built, and no doubt an attempt would have been made to set fire to it if it had not been well guarded all the time.

The workmen continued raising the capitals until December, when, on the 6th of that month, the last one was safely deposited in its place; which was a source of great joy to the Saints. Many fears had been entertained that Brother Player would not be able to finish them before Winter set in, but it seemed as though the Lord held up the weather until this important piece of work was accomplished. About two hours after the capital was set it commenced snowing very briskly, and at night the ground was covered about four inches, and it froze very keenly.

There were then twelve of the capitals without the trumpet stones; and they remained in this state until the following Spring.

The cost of each of the capitals was about \$300. The first and last of the capitals were cut by Charles Lambert and Harvey Stanley.

I will further say that when the hands were raising the last capital, and had got it about half-way up, one of the block shives in the tackle broke and rendered it impossible in the situation either to raise or lower the stone. This circumstance presented a great difficulty, but after some consultation the hands fastened the rope below the tackle, so that it could not slip, and left the stone suspended while they took down the blocks, put in a new shive and fixed the blocks again.

The stone was then raised without further difficulty, and was set precisely at twenty minutes before one o'clock. This was the heaviest stone among the whole number.

After the death of President Joseph and Patriarch Hyrum, Joseph having been sole Trustee-in-Trust, when the Twelve returned home they held a council and appointed Newel K. Whitney and George Miller, the two presiding bishops, Trustees-in-Trust. This was on the 9th of August; and a few days

afterwards, the trustees entered upon the duties of their office.

In the early part of December the trustees and Twelve held a council to talk on the propriety of employing a suitable number of carpenters this Winter to prepare the timber works for the temple, so as to have it all ready when the stone work is finished. It was decided to employ fifteen persons as steady carpenters; and the architect was authorized to select such men as he may have confidence in—men who are well qualified to do the work that is wanted.

It was also concluded to fix up a shop in the temple for the carpenters to work in. Accordingly the south side of the lower story of the temple was weather-boarded around. A very good shop was made by this means, which was completed on the following Saturday; and on Monday, the 16th, the men selected went to work in their new shop. Their names are as follows:

Truman O. Angell, William Felshaw, William F. Cahoon, Joseph T. Schofield, Samuel Rolfe, Zimri H. Baxter, Adison Everett, John Stiles, Hugh Riding, Miles Romney, Jabez Durfee, Stephen Longstroth, Benjamin Rolfe, Nicholas T. Silcock and William Carmichael. Hiram Mace, Wandel Mace and Gideon Gibbs were appointed to attend the saw-mill and Daniel Avery to turn grindstone for the carpenters, keep the shop clean and take care of strangers who might visit the building.

During the early part of January, 1845, the High Priest quorum entered into an investigation of the propriety of building a hall for their accommodation. On the 26th, President Young and some others of the quorum of the Twelve attended the meeting of the quorum, when the subject was again discussed. President Young made some remarks on the subject and concluded by advising them, instead of building a hall, to go to work and finish the upper room of the temple, and by this means they would soon have a room to attend to the ordinances and save much expense.

A vote was taken on accepting President Young's proposition, which was carried without a dissenting voice. The brethren immediately commenced bringing in their donations to the bishops for that purpose. This matter served as a new stimulus among the Saints to use every exertion to finish the temple as speedily as possible.

On Wednesday, the 12th of March, Brother William W. Player commenced work again on the walls. He got one stone up just as the bell rung for dinner.

On Friday, the 14th, there was a man killed on the stone quarry by a stone falling on his head while the brethren were blasting rocks. This is the only accident of any moment that has ever happened on the temple or any of the works connected with it.

On Thursday, the 27th of March, 1845, Brother Player put up the last trumpet stone, at about three o'clock, p.m. He also laid the first stringer for the large upper Venetian window in the east side.

(To be Continued.)

COMMON SENSE.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.

THE ZION OF GOD.

WORDS BY H. W. NAISBITT.

MUSIC BY GEORGE CARELESS.

Moderato.

Though dark clouds may gath-er a - round thee, Oh Zi-on, thou Zi-on of God; Tho' nations u-nite to con-
found thee, And make per-se-cu-tion their rod: Yet thy light shall no more be sus-pend-ed— Thy
name from the earth be erased— Till the reign of oppression is end-ed: Thy foes are for-ev-er disgraced!

CHORUS. *f*

O Zi-on shall tri-umph and shine as the sun, As de-creed in the long, long a -
go, For the will of our God on the earth shall be done, In that kingdom no might can o'erthrow.

Thine enemies now may upbraid thee,
Oh Zion thou Zion of God;
By dungeon and fine may persuade thee,
And threaten thy sons with the rod;—
Thou can'st point to the martyrs of ages,
To Prophets, Apostles of old;
Or tell the wild world of the sages,
Of Jesus "the Lamb" of the fold!

The battle-cry need not alarm thee,
Oh Zion, thou Zion of God;
No weapon yet fashioned shall harm thee,
Or cast thy head down to the sod;
Should the smoke of the fray in its blackness,
Outrival what Egypt once knew,
In the infinite arm is no slackness.—
Beyond the dense cloud is the blue;

For thee, there is more than oppose thee,
Oh Zion, thou Zion of God;
Then do not in sadness suppose thee,
Thy pathway of thorn is untrod!
For the angels before thee shall hover,
Thy rearward by day and by night,
And the hand of the Father shall cover,
To keep in the highway of right;

As gold in the furnace he tried thee,
Oh Zion, thou Zion of God;
His great heart, His love will not chide thee,
For feeling, then kissing the rod!
Thou shalt sing with the hosts from all nations,
The songs of the Zion divine,
Mid the Temples, with his generations,
From worlds which in glory shall shine!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HEENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 111.)

THERE appeared to be considerable wealth in Santa Fe. The people raised but little grain but almost any amount of sheep, goats, mules and donkeys. Merchandise was about as cheap as in Fort Leavenworth.

On the 13th of October, Lieutenant Colonel P. St. George Cooke, by order of General Kearney, took command of the Mormon Battalion. A detachment under Cap. James Brown, of Company C, with all the sick and infirm, were sent from Santa Fe to Winter at Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, as it was thought inexpedient to undertake, at that late season of the year, to continue them through to California. Well, I believe the colonel acted wise in that but unwise in other matters. In that detachment I had a dear sister, and a brother-in-law, John W. Hess. I felt lonesome after they left, and missed their company very much.

Captain Brown, with his company, left on the 18th, and the next day noon our new colonel, at the head of his command, took up the line of march for "Saint Francisco," California, as it was then called, and which was understood to be our place of destination.

Our course was now south, following the Rio Del Norte for three hundred miles, thence west over mountains and across trackless prairies and parched deserts for twelve hundred miles or more before reaching the Pacific Coast. Much of the time we were reduced to quarter rations and often had to sink wells on the deserts for water. In my opinion, no mortal man can fully describe or write a full history of that campaign as it really was.

But enough. I will return to the Rio Del Norte. In our marching we passed a great many Mexican towns and villages. Our camps were visited more or less every day by Mexicans, who brought wood, corn, beans, meal, apples, grapes, wine, goats' milk, goats' cheese, onions—the finest I ever saw—tobacco and molasses to barter for old shoes, old boots, pants, shirts, vests, brass buttons, pocket looking-glasses, and horn combs, etc. They seemed to prefer such articles to gold and silver; and well they did, for it gave us a chance to treat ourselves to some of the luxuries of the country, as well as to increase our scanty supply of provisions; for soon after leaving Santa Fe we were reduced to three-quarters rations, then to half, and finally, to quarter rations.

The road down the Del Norte was sandy. Grass was scarce and our teams soon began to fail and give out. In passing over sand-hills and ridges, twenty or more men took hold of each wagon, some with long ropes and others lifting on the wheels. The men also carried their guns and knapsacks, as well as their cartridge boxes, in each of which there were thirty-six rounds of ammunition. Pushing and pulling while living on short rations was well calculated to use men up.

I have ever since thought it was a very unwise plan to leave Santa Fe with only sixty days' provisions instead of enough for one hundred and twenty days, as advised by the guides. The excuse was that enough provisions could not be had, nor could teams be procured to haul them. Men grew weak; beef cattle became poor, and it was the custom to kill work animals, such as worn-out oxen, and issue the meat to the battalion. The best and fattest the colonel gave orders not to kill—only such as became weak and unable to work. The strongest and best oxen were reserved for duty.

We passed large flocks of sheep and goats, herded by Mexicans dressed in leather, with blankets around their shoulders. They carried bows and arrows in their hands and kept dogs by their sides. Some had staffs, or long sticks, with sharp spear-points in the ends. The sight to me looked novel. At one place, our commander purchased three hundred sheep to be driven along for the use of the command as mutton. They were a scrubby-looking lot, and they soon became so poor that they could scarcely keep up with the battalion; and whenever a sheep gave out by the way it was killed and eaten by the rear guard, or poor, worn-out soldiers who had fallen behind, being unable to keep up with the main army.

Before leaving the Rio Del Norte, it was discovered there were quite a number of men too sick and weak to carry their muskets and knapsacks, and stand the journey through to California. Accordingly, another detachment of sixty-odd, under Lieutenant Willis, was sent to Pueblo to Winter.

Colonel Cooke now gave orders to the commanders of companies to leave the ox wagons and pack the baggage on mules and oxen. It was laughable to witness the antics of the frightened oxen after their packs were on. Some of the boys said they "kicked up before and reared up behind," bellowing, snorting, jumping up, wheeling around and pawing and goring the ground. However, they soon became perfectly gentle. We were now some ways out of the settlements. The waters of the Rio Del Norte were turbid. Our boys caught some fish, and one evening a beaver was captured by one of the guides. One of our hunters killed a deer, another a turkey; and they said there were signs of bears.

In some places there was an immense amount of broken pottery-ware strewed all over the face of the country for acres in extent. It had the appearance of stoneware, and some glass. There were some Mexicans traveling with the battalion, on their way over the Rocky Mountains to trade with Indians. They said the Spaniards or Mexicans knew nothing about how such ware came to be there and that the Indians of the country have no such articles. Much of it was nicely glazed and flowered.

On the evening of the 12th of November, a number of the boys organized themselves into a debating club to pass off the time, as well as gain information on different topics to be brought before the school and discussed *pro* and *con*. I also took part in the debates. Although living on soup made from the carcasses of poor, given-out oxen, thickened slightly with flour (less than half rations), we felt well and had good times in our polemics. That very day, the 12th of November, an ox, extremely poor and weak, gave out. He was killed and dressed, the meat brought to camp and dealt out to the army; and we only regretted we did not have full rations even of that, as poor as it was, and thus go on our way rejoicing.

(To be Continued).

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